Art thou ye King of ye Jews
John XVIII. 33.

THE

CROSS of CHRIST.

A

POEM,

REPRESENTING THE

NATIVITY,

THE

LIFE and SUFFERINGS,

THE

DEATH and RESURRECTION,

AND THE

ASCENSION and INTERCESSION,

OF OUR

BLESSED SAVIOUR.

DEDICATED TO THE

AUTHOR's CHILDREN,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION in VERSE.

God was manifeſt in the fleſh. 1 *Tim. iii.* 16.
He was delivered for our offences. *Rom. iv.* 25.
And with his ſtripes we are healed. *Iſa. liii.* 5.

Man wak'd the wrath, that threat'ned endleſs woe,
But HE who made all worlds, ſuſtain'd the blow!

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION

TO THE

AUTHOR's CHILDREN.

THE tender feeling of a parents heart,
Inclines your father freely to impart
A ſacred ſubject to your ſerious view,
Hoping the ſame will be eſteem'd by you.
You need not read to ſpeculate on words,
But if ſome real profit it affords,
If in this theme, the precious pearl you find,
Take that, and leave the *critics part* behind.
I mean to recommend the truth of God,
For your ſalvation, in the Saviour's blood,
That each may *feel*, the healing balm apply'd,
And live, and die, in Jeſus Crucify'd.
Conſider! He who once on earth was ſlain,
Will be our Judge—will ſurely come again,
Array'd in all his glorious majeſty,
And ſit on his amazing throne on high,
Conſpicuous to ev'ry human eye.

The

The holy angels, with him ſhall deſcend,
And all the world before his throne attend.
An awful ſeparation ſhall take place,
The good, and bad, of all the human race ;
The King (and conſcience) will determine who
To his right hand, or to his left ſhall go !
His humble followers, who are his ſheep,
Shall at his right be ſet, but o'er the deep,
At his left hand, the goats ſhall have their place,
Thoſe who abus'd or ſlighted his free grace.
This is indeed a moſt tremendous ſcene;
See how they ſtand—and what a gulf between !
What ſolemn joys attend the ſaints that day ;
Th' aſtoniſh'd guilty quake with dire diſmay ;
The King ſhall ſpeak—lo ! ev'ry one ſhall hear
His happy ſentence, or his doom ſevere !
" Come, ye belov'd, of my Father, bleſt,
" Receive the kingdom, your eternal reſt !
" Ye curs'd ſinners go ! from me depart,
" You had no intereſt in my wounded heart ;
" Sink with your guilt unpardone'd far from God,
" Eternal fire—with fiends—is your abode !"
Soon as the King that awful ſentence ſpeaks,
On either hand, the ſolemn ſilence breaks :
The happy ſaints o'erwhelm'd in ſacred joy,
All ſhout aloud, glory to God on high !
While all the wretched miſerable hoſt,
In horrid ſhrieks depart—for ever loſt !
Seeing you know theſe weighty things, beware
You do not at his left hand then appear :
Tho' multitudes in folly run aſtray,
Purſuing pleaſure,—ſhun ye that broad way.

His penetrating eyes, are flames of fire,
To mark the motive of each vain deſire.
Obſerve it well, if you neglect his grace,
You now affront your Saviour to his face.
If in a formal, luke-warm ſtate, you reſt,
You may deceive yourſelf, and ne'er be bleſt.
But if you clearly *ſee*, and deeply *feel*,
You want his blood apply'd, your ſouls to heal,
If his good Spirit, does convince you plain,
That all you do to help yourſelf is vain;
Hear him invite you, "Come to me," (by pray'r)
With all your wants, and ſins, juſt as you are,
If you are burthen'd, tell him all your grief,
Eſpecially bewail your unbelief:
And let his Spirit be your happy guide
To find redemption, in the Crucify'd.
He taſted death for every man, tis true:
O ſeek to *feel* and *know*, he dy'd for you.
If you would gain the Saviour's gracious ear,
Beware of heartleſs, cold, and formal prayer.
Pray in the Spirit, and in fervent cries,
Plead his *atoning blood*, and ſacrifice.
See how that dear One ſpreads his bleeding hands,
Weep o'er thoſe feet, ſo wounded, where he ſtands.
To heal our wounds he bore the torturing ſmart,
And took th' inciſion thro' his tender heart.
Believe his pain, his tears, his bloody ſweat:
That love immenſe—O feel its ſolemn weight!
The more you thirſt for that red healing ſtream,
So much the more acceptable to him.
You now may have a pardon for all guilt,
And thank the Lamb, whoſe blood was freely ſpilt

To purchaſe your redemption, then you'll b
At peace with him, and feel your ſoul ſet fr
Free to obey the holy law of love,
Delighting only in the things above:
Thus worſhip him, in ſpirit and in truth,
And render him the vigour of your youth.
One thing deſire, inſatiate thirſt for this,
That you enjoy, in Jeſus, conſtant peace.
That he may influence all your ſouls and pow'
I wiſh, who am affectionately yours.

INTRODUCTION.

ABR'AM deſir'd to ſee the day of Chriſt,
He ſaw it in the Spirit, and rejoic'd.
The ancient holy prophets wiſh'd to ſee
The joyful day, and hear ſuch things as we
Are highly favour'd with, th' accompliſhment
Of our redemption, the Meſſiah ſent:
They found ſalvation ſolely in the Son,
Before he put his fleſhly garment on.
Of all events reveal'd, or ever known,
This claims our higheſt praiſe, to God alone.
Angelic tongues of higheſt order, fail,
A thouſandth part of this deep truth to tell.
Seraphic wiſdom never can explain
How the Moſt High, could be a Man, with men!
Become an Infant by myſterious birth,
Grow up to *manhood*, then expire in *death*!
Suffice it then we know, and take it thus,
He is our own Immanuel, *God* with *us*.
Believe in Jeſus, as the ſcripture ſaith,
For nothing can ſupply the place of faith.
He that believeth, from his ſoul ſhall flow
Rivers of love, *deep* as his faith ſhall *go*.
Many believe the ſacred hiſt'ry true,
Who do not *feel* the ſaving myſt'ry too:
They hear, that Jeſus has for ſinners dy'd,
And yet, unhappy in their hearts abide:
Think all is well, if they but do their beſt,
And hope the Saviour will make out the reſt!
But if they by the Spirit truly ſaw
Their curſe, and miſery, by that broken law,

Their inward eyes would then be clearly ope,
And gladly they would ſeek *ſome other* hope.
God has declar'd, all men in unbelief,
That by mere mercy, he may give relief.
Wherein appears, that grace and mercy free;
In this—(muſt each one ſay) he dy'd for me?
The righteouſneſs of ſcribes and phariſees,
Built not by him, can therefore yield no peace.
What vain philoſophy—if we reject
The real cauſe, to ſubſtitute th' effect!
Hear Jeſus ſay—ye muſt be born again,
What ſort of virtue can we have till then?
They who attempt God's order to invert,
Of courſe retain—a dry and faithleſs heart.
The ſeed unchang'd—like ſacrificing Cain,
By their own effort, would ſalvation gain.
Degenerate nature ſtill preſumes to boaſt,
Too blind to ſee primeval glory's loſt.
Virtue th' effect, of ſoul converting grace,
Divine and lovely, comes in proper place;
It follows after, ſeeks the Saviour's will,
And gladly renders him the honour ſtill.
The deepeſt guilt of all below the ſkies,
Pervades the heart, who can his blood deſpiſe:
What vile offence, how heinous in his eye
To hear thereof, and lightly paſs it by!
If this is ſlighted, certainly of courſe
A man remains in guilt, without remorſe.
The Spirit teaches, where redemption lies,
The cauſe of virtue, and the cauſe of vice.
Salvation only ſtands on goſpel ground,
Where ev'ry lovely virtue, may be found,

Delighted

Delighted in, and practic'd, but deſpair,
Of ever truly finding it elſewhere.
His *death apply'd*, conſumes all baſe deſire,
By kind'ling in the heart celeſtial fire;
If from this center we preſume to part,
Satan, and ſin, has pow'r to plague the heart.
Would you obtain ſalvation by your ſkill,
Try all your pow'r to conquer every ill,
All envy, luſt, love of the world, and ſtrife;
Mind every duty, try to mend your life:
Bring all your reaſon, reſolutions, force,
Determine well to run the Chriſtian courſe,
But *know your heart*, and you ſhall quickly find,
You run and leave Chriſtianity behind.
Like Baal's worſhippers, you want the fire,
And all your efforts languiſh and expire.
The Ethiopian cannot change his ſkin,
No more can ye deſtroy the pow'r of ſin,
Yield to the teaching of the Holy Ghoſt,
And turn to Jeſus as a ſinner *loſt*.
All ſuch he kindly ſeeks, and ſoon will ſave,
When from the heart they do his mercy crave.
He lays the axe to our ſelf-righteous root,
For that bad tree can never bear good fruit.
All who would truly *make their peace with God*,
Muſt have redemption in his precious blood.
If we could fit ourſelves for heav'n, in vain
Did Jeſus ſuffer, for the ſons of men.
Not all the works that e'er we fabricate,
Can purchaſe peace, nor can regenerate
Our fallen nature, no, we muſt receive
New hearts, if we a well-ſpent life would live.

Affected

Affected virtue, Jeſus calls old leaven,
Offends our God, and ſhuts the gate of heav'n.
Be not deceiv'd with ſpecious, fancy good,
Virtue is only virtuous thro' his blood.
If we inherit good—we ſinners loſt!
We have it only from the Holy Ghoſt:
That bleſſed Witneſs of—and Blood Apply'r,
Who worketh in us ev'ry good deſire.
Receive of him a contrite heart, confeſs,
And he will pardon your unrighteouſneſs.
Know that your heart is guilty, baſe, untrue,
Preſent it as it *is*, he'll make it *new*.
If left to your own ſkill (believe the fact,)
Th' infernal poiſon you can ne'er extract.
To his renewing pow'r we muſt ſubmit,
And bow as guilty ſuppliants at his feet.
Our greateſt obſtacle is unbelief,
Of all our ſubtle foes, this is the chief.
What human ſkill, or pow'r, could e'er convert
(That *ſink* of *ſin*,) an unbelieving heart?
From hence ariſes all our doubts and fears,
Obnoxious pride and over anxious cares,
While ſome to earth in carnal ſtate it binds,
And ſome to outward moral acts confines;
Still erring unbelief corrodes the whole,
And keeps in pain the anxious wav'ring ſoul.
This evil root of envy, luſt, and pride,
Unthankful, reſtleſs, never ſatisfy'd:
Tho' heav'n and earth preſent each good to pleaſe
This *one thing* ſtill forbids true happineſs.
The world's amaz'd to ſee things run ſo odd,
The cauſe is—*unbelief in Chriſt our God*.

Not

Not ſeeing in the *heart*, the murd'rous crew,
Who did to death the Son of God purſue!
Who can diſcern his nature's vile as they
That ſhed his blood, or did the Lord betray?
So deep it lies, from human ſight conceal'd,
Can only by his Spirit be reveal'd:
And when diſcov'd, make the mind ſo ſad,
A carnal world ſuppoſe ſuch perſons mad!
But that bleſt light which ſhews the deadly wound
Diſcovers likewiſe where the balm is found.
What is religion then, but ſaving faith?
To know our intereſt in the Saviour's death.
From hence, the higheſt, pureſt virtue flows,
While faith abides, and no ceſſation knows.
And ſhould ſome evil in the heart reſume,
By means of faith we ſoon may overcome.
The firſt great ſin whereby loſt angels fell
Was unbelief, thence pride began to ſwell;
And by their art ſo diabolical,
Became the cauſe of our firſt parents fall.
What pains will Satan take? what guile ſo deep,
To lull mankind, who are inclin'd to ſleep?
Lay plans of duty, doctrine—all is right,
If no *redeeming love* appears in ſight.
For, ſoon as one partakes of that, he knows,
The captive ſinner he ſhall quickly loſe.
O then convicting Spirit! ſacred pow'r,
Awake the ſouls, whom Satan would devour.
O Son of God, let thy great ſufferings break,
The heavy, galling bondage, from their necks;
That thro' the mercy of our God, they may
Ariſe, and ſee the darkneſs loſt in day.

Believe

Believe in me, the loving Saviour ſaith,
He means not with a ſpeculative faith.
You may lop off, this, and the other ſin,
And leave th' *infected ſtem*, untouch'd *within*.
And often find, the evil will have vent,
Like fiery ſtrata in a mountain pent.
Self-confidence in our beſt works, will leave
The heart too hard, in Jeſus to believe.
How many fancy that their faith is right,
Who ne'er obtain'd true peace, and pardon by't.
Yet all who mourn for want of faith, may find,
A gracious Saviour waits to eaſe the mind.
And this plain truth abides as firm as heav'n,
He that believes, *has* all his *ſins forgiv'n*.
O beg of him the bleſſing of true faith,
And you ſhall prove, the merit of his death.
Jeſus—his name imports ſalvation, why?
He gladly hears his helpleſs creatures cry.
Some doubting ſouls, of fitneſs vainly dream.
True fitneſs is—to *feel* our *need* of him.
If ye would prove his power to convert,
See how your ſins have pierc'd him thro' the heart.
Want we religion that will ſtand the teſt,
Behold the Lamb of God, to find the beſt.
Beware—beware of ev'ry thing beſide,
The higheſt theme, is Jeſus crucify'd.
The theme of ſaints in yonder bleſt abode,
The theme of angels, the delight of God.
Come then with ſacred ſolemn awe, and ſee
Our ſuff'ring Saviour, at Gethſemene:
Let reverence profound attend us ſtill,
As we proceed to Calv'ry's ſanguine hill.

THE

The C R O S S.

TH' eternal great *I AM*, is only known
In Jeſus Chriſt, his Great Eternal *Son*.
In him the *fulneſs* of the *Godhead* dwells,
The Father by his Spirit, he reveals:
Three offices, yet *Deity* but ONE
Ineffable to angels round his throne!
The Son created all the heav'nly pow'rs,
The orbs, and this terraqueous globe of ours.
He made man, upright, in his image bleſt;
A little lower than the angels plac'd.
A ſubtle fiend, ſtole from th' infernal pit,
And ruin'd our firſt parents by deceit.
Man from his juſt obedience did revolt,
And loſt his Maker's image by the fault.
Was doom'd to toil, thro' mortal life, and worſe,
Became the dupe of ſin, with all its curſe!
That peaceful heart, ſo holy, happy, bleſt,
The fouleſt fiends aſſaulted and poſſeſt.
The day he ſin'd, his holy nature dy'd,
He ſought in *gloom* his evil *deeds* to hide;
Foreboding horrors fill'd his wounded heart,
Leaſt *God* ſhould frown, and bid his ſoul depart.
Knowledge of good and evil, thus he gain'd,
All good he loſt, and evil ſtill retain'd.
A mortal ſtab, the whole creation felt,
Sicken'd and ſunk beneath the weight of guilt.
The beaſts and birds, in ev'ry ſpecies mourn'd,
And to a wild or ſavage nature turn'd.

From life divine, (true paradiſe on earth,)
He fell to mis'ry, pain, diſtraction, death !
So deep and deadly was the firſt man's fall
Who was the repreſentative of all.
His death in ſin by diſobedience, hurl'd
The *ſame contagion*, over all the world.
A gracious covenant muſt then ſubſiſt,
Before the fall'n, could be redeem'd and bleſt.
Herein is ſeen the lovely *goſpel plan*,
The condeſcenſion of our God to man.
When God the boundleſs univerſe ſurvey'd,
Of all the noble beings that were made,
He ſaw not *one*, throughout infinite ſpace,
Sufficient to redeem the human race.
All impotent appear'd, beneath the load,
All finite beings fail'd—it muſt be God !
Behold *loſt* man ! who ſhall his ranſom pay,
Suſtain his guilt—and take the *wrath* away ?
Ideas of aſtoniſhment and dread,
Thro' all the potentates and thrones, are ſpread.
Obedient angels, void of pow'r deem'd,
A work—to them, impoſſible it ſeem'd.
The ſhining *ranks* attend, but no one ſpoke;
The *Son of God* the ſolemn ſilence broke.
Father behold ! I will loſt man redeem !
Lo ! I delight to do thy will, ſupreme !
Well pleas'd, the Almighty Father thus reply'd,
O *thou* who doſt o'er heav'n and earth preſide,
All are *thy* works ! the helpleſs human race,
Thro' *thee*, their Mediator, ſhall find grace !
Be *thou*, O Son of God, the ſon of man,
Complete the work, then *God incarnate* reign !

Wonder

Wonder and joy fill'd all the heav'nly pow'rs,
And praiſes new, employ'd the tuneful choirs.
The time decreed fulfill'd, the Son is giv'n,
The bleſt Emmanüel comes down from heav'n
Deſcending from ſupernal bliſs on high,
To veil his *Godhead* in humanity.
A Virgin does the myſtery believe
That by the Holy Ghoſt, ſhe ſhall conceive,
And be the mother of a noble Son;
Who yet exiſted ere all time begun.
What ſtately palace fit to entertain
The King of kings, amidſt the ſons of men?
What elegant accommodation, where
Will he firſt deign to breathe his vital air?
His dignity (quite out of mortals line)
Infinite great in ev'ry place to ſhine,
Accepts a *ſtable* for his Infant birth,
Where a poor Virgin brings the Saviour forth:
Enrapt in ſwadling clothes, in humble ſtate,
He there diſclaims the pomp of ſeeming great:
The highly favour'd mother ſeems ſo mean
She cannot gain admittance in the inn!
He comes in poverty, his little bed
Laid in a manger, where the oxen fed!
Hail young Meſſiah! in a form ſo mild:
Ye nations bow before that Sacred Child!
See yonder ſtar, ſuſpended in the eaſt,
Points out that earth with a new light is bleſt.
The luminary leads the ſages there,
Who gladly offer gold, incence and myrrh.
The Angel of the Lord, directs his flight
To viſit ſhepherds in the field by night;

He ſaid, rejoice, and baniſh all your fears,
Behold! I bring glad tidings to your ears;
This joyful day, on this auſpicious morn,
To you a Saviour *CHRIST—the Lord is born*!
Now a vaſt multitude of heav'nly hoſt,
Congratulate the happy birth of Chriſt:
In ſweeteſt harmony their voices raiſe,
Good will to men, to God be all the praiſe!
Glory to him who bringeth peace on earth,
Let all the world rejoice at Jeſus' birth.

Eight days elaps'd, the holy humble Lamb
Is circumcis'd—*Jeſus*, that precious name,
That law fulfill'd whereby the Saviour bleeds
For our hearts circumciſion intercedes.

Lo! he who metes the heav'ns with a ſpan,
A feeble Infant growing up to man!
Will he—Meſſiah Great, be humbled thus?
Welcome to earth, O Babe! come dwell with us!

Old Simeon, and Anna, full of joy,
Expreſs their faith in God—the Infant Boy.
Now Lord, ſaid Simeon, let my ſoul depart,
Thou haſt fulfill'd the wiſhes of my heart.

His parents, warn'd of God, to Egypt flee,
And thence remov'd, to dwell in Galilee.
While Herrod full of ſelfiſh cruel pride,
Diſdains the thought of other king beſide;
The jealous tyrant, mad with envious rage,
Slew all the infant males about that age,
In Rama hear, the bitter, gen'ral cry,
The babes ſo lovely, muſt like martyrs die;
Fond mothers rapt up in their infant charms,
Muſt ſee the dear ones ſlaughter'd in their arms!

At twelve years old, when in the temple found,
The rev'rend doctors ſitting all around,
Such depth of wiſdom in his talk appear'd
As quite aſtoniſh'd ev'ry one that heard.
See him yet veil'd in amiable youth,
Perfect in beauty, meekneſs, goodneſs, truth:
Untainted by the great original ſtain:
All hail! thou Lovlier than the ſons of men.
Filial obedience ever he retains,
Nor he to work with his own hands diſdains;
Submits in great humility, to bear
The occupation of a carpenter!
With toil to earn his daily bread content,
Earneſt in work, till natures vigour's ſpent.
To cold and heat, to hunger, thirſt and pain,
Submits himſelf, as other lab'ring men!
Dear Father of all beings, Potentate!
Around whoſe throne ethereal armies wait,
How could'ſt thou condeſcend to this low ſtate!
Ye humble poor rejoice—behold your God,
In all your paths of poverty has trod!
What would it profit you the world to gain,
If life ſhould terminate in endleſs pain?
Then let your higheſt emulation be
To follow Jeſus in humility.
Suffer with him, and you ſhall nobly riſe,
Superior to all good below the ſkies.
Did our Creator condeſcend to bear
Thro' all his life, a poor man's character,
Then pity all, whoſe hearts can entertain
A creature ſo ungod-like as diſdain.

If fortune makes a diff'rence, 'tis but ſmall,
And after death, no difference at all.
When he in wiſdom ſaw the time was due
More gen'ral public labours to purſue,
He travels round to teach the human race,
While num'rous crowds attend from place to place
He comes to John the Baptiſt, and requeſts
To be baptiz'd of him, but John confeſt
I ſtand in need to be baptiz'd of *thee*,
Wherefore, my Lord, then comeſt thou to me?
Permit it now, he ſaid, for we muſt ſtill
With willing minds, all righteouſneſs fulfil.
Being baptiz'd in Jordan's noted ſtream,
The open'd heav'ns dart a glorious beam,
There he beheld the Spirit, like a dove
Deſcending, came upon him from above;
And lo! a voice proclaim'd (benignly ſweet)
This is my Son, in whom is my delight!
When in the deſart forty days retir'd,
And faſted all the time—Satan deſir'd
(With helliſh ſubtlety, by malice led,)
To tempt his hunger with the want of bread:
But well he knew the depth of all his guile,
And with a word, did ſoon the tempter foil.
Yet inſolent, ſome other arts he try'd
And ſhew'd him all the glit'ring worlds gay pride
The more he ſaw, ſo much the more deſpis'd,
And thus his glorious conqueſt ſignaliz'd.
So ſhall his people, to the final day
Repulſe, confound, and drive the fiends away.
His holy doctrine luminates the earth;
Truth, typify'd and ſhadow'd, now ſhines forth.

Th' unerring way to heav'n he plainly tells,
And all the *will* of God, to man reveals.
Tho' unbelievers mock, and take offence,
His loving heart is all benevolence.
What dignity and meekneſs ſweetly join'd;
None ever ſpoke like him, ſo pow'rful, kind.
In num'rous inſtances, we plainly ſee
The *manhood* only veil'd his *Deity*:
When on the Mount, his glorious face did ſhine,
Bright as the ſun, in majeſty divine,
Tranſcendent ſplendor darts celeſtial rays
And full in-dwelling deity diſplays:
Surrounded with effulgent glory bright,
His raiment all appears as glitt'ring light!
This God is ours, we know of none beſide,
In him redeem'd, ſuſtain'd, and ſanctify'd,
And in his kingdom to be glorify'd.
The mighty Prophet came himſelf, and taught
The very beings his own hand had wrought.
O! great Meſſiah! Meſſenger of Peace,
How ſweet, how kind thy loving tenderneſs!
Benignity—compaſſion all thy heart,
Our God with *us*—aſſuredly thou art.
O! full of grace, and God-like majeſty,
Can any one be friendleſs who knows thee?
Why ſhould a ſoul, go mourning all his days,
While ſuch a gen'rous heart, proclaims, free grace
We hear him kindly ſay, *thy ſins forgiv'n*;
And ſee him freely ope, the gate of heav'n.
He kindly ſpeaks to every drooping ſoul,
What will ye have? or, wilt thou be made whole?

Zaccheus

Zaccheus ſought a pers'nal tranſient view,
And Jeſus ſhew'd him his ſalvation too.
Come unto me—his conſtant fervent cry,
Why will ye turn from *me*—the *way*—and *die*?
The elements ſubmiſſive, do his will,
If he commands, the raging waves are ſtill.
He treads on waves, or paſſing quickly o'er,
Does in a moment, gain the diſtant ſhore;
So open, friendly, in his pow'r divine,
He turns the limpid water into wine.
He multiplies a pittance—fiſh and bread,
And many thouſands are moſt amply fed.
See him employ'd with ſingular delight,
To heal the ſick, and give the blind their ſight,
To give the deaf to hear his holy word,
To cauſe the dumb to ſpeak, and praiſe the Lord.
Many poſſeſt of demons, ſorely griev'd,
He pitty'd, and immediately reliev'd;
At his command, infernal legions fled,
And by his pow'rful voice, call'd forth the dead.
What heart felt joy did all th' afflicted feel,
When he diſplay'd his ſovereign pow'r to heal,
And when by invocation of his name,
He gave th' apoſtles pow'r to do the ſame:
His bleſt example bright for ever ſhines,
Exhibitted in pure and perfect lines;
But when he deign'd to make th' *atonement* good,
'Twas ſeal'd, and ratify'd in lines of blood.
He bore our grief, the ancient prophet ſays,
And was a Man of Sorrow all his days:
Herein his love amazingly appears;
O come and ſee—the *Son of God in tears*!

What

hat ſleepleſs nights he ſpent in fervent pray'r,
eeling, or proſtrate, in the open air;
ſted, and watch'd, in dreary ſolitude,
d gave up all his eaſe to do *us* good!
all we indulge ourſelves, when he for us,
ith all his ſoul and body labour'd thus?
ch vile ingratitude deſerves his frown,
nd certainly will draw his vengeance down.
That man is guilty, all our ſuff'rings ſhew,
he *Son* of *God* will ſuffer with us too.
Behold him in the garden, ſore diſtreſt,
is ſoul in deep amaze—and heavy preſt.
here, in the utmoſt anguiſh, hear him breathe,
y ſoul's exceeding ſorrowful, to death!
ot death or torture, all in terror clad,
ould thus oppreſs his ſoul with ſorrow ſad,
or fear of man with utmoſt fury fraught,
inite, created pow'r—he dreaded not:
ut felt the direful curſe, upon him laid,
he offering for our guilt, his ſoul was made.
lack guilt upon his purity to take,
lade his incarnate ſoul and body quake:
is pain intenſe beyond expreſſion grew,
n angel (quick diſpatch'd) to aid him flew:
all'n on the ground, the angel him upheld,
Who only could ſupport a ſinking world!
ut dreadful agonies his ſoul did fill,
More earneſt then he pray'd—his ſuff'rings ſtill
More ſenſibly increas'd—as ſore diſmay'd,
n deep diſtreſs of ſoul, three times he pray'd,
My Father, O remove this aweful cup!
f not—thy will be done—I'll drink it up!

And

And as he pray'd, great drops of blood he ſwe
Drops falling on the ground! ſo exquiſite,
Thro' ev'ry pore the crimſon fluid drain'd,
By vehemence preſt, and all his raiment ſtain
O ſad alternative—whate'er it coſt,
The Lamb muſt *ſuffer*—or the *world be loſt*!
Guilt, as a mighty mountain, preſs'd his ſou
He bore it for us, and remov'd the whole.
Amazingly he felt all pain intenſe!
Can we behold it with indifference?
So hard our hearts, we can our *God* forget,
Till melted in his humble ſuff'ring ſtate.
The traitor now combin'd with officers,
And multitudes, with ſwords and clubs and ſpe
With lamp, and torches flaming, come by nig
In queſt of him, the Object of their ſpite.
Judas advances, harden'd, undiſmay'd,
And with malignant kiſs, his Lord betray'd!
In mildeſt terms, he aſk'd him only this,
Why does a friend betray me with a kiſs?
Then to the multitude in arms, rejoin'd
Who is the perſon, whom ye ſeek to find?
Jeſus, they ſaid—he anſwer'd, *I am HE*,
And ſtraight diſplay'd puiſſant majeſty!
At his rebuke they all like dead men fell,
But mercy ſpar'd, or they had ſunk to hell.
Yet are permitted in their own dark hour,
To riſe, and take him by ſatanic pow'r.
The ſoldiers rudely ſeiz'd their unknown Lor
And bound his ſacred perſon with a cord.
He who commands the devils to their chains,
Whoſe potent arm the univerſe ſuſtains,

Thu

Thus low ſubſides, and lamb-like he is led!
ll his diſciples, then forſook and fled.
Behold! the Judge of all the earth, is here
etray'd—arraign'd at his creatures bar!
Now Peter baſely does his Lord diſown,
nd vilely ſwears, he never knew the man!
ut ſoon he caught from Jeſus, ſuch a look
s deeply pierc'd his heart, at ſuch rebuke
'erwhelm'd in ſhame, he from his preſence flies,
ontrition fills his heart, and tears his eyes.
Some witneſſes preſume our Lord t'accuſe,
he holy Lamb, muſt ſuffer this abuſe;
ut evidently falſe it all appears
Whoever were the wretch'd ſlanderers.
h' high prieſt adjur'd him by the Lord to own
f he's the Chriſt—*God's* ever bleſſed Son?
eſus reply'd, I am—moreover ye
One day hereafter, ſhall my glory ſee,
When all in pow'r at *God's* right hand I ſit,
And tread the clouds of heav'n beneath my feet.
Amaz'd, offended at his full reply,
hey now accuſe him of vile blaſphemy:
mmediately denounc'd his ſentence, *death*,
midſt confuſion, tumult, ſcoff and wrath.
hey ſpit on him, in frantic wickedneſs,
lindfolded him, and ſmote him on the face,
Daring t' inſult his Deity, they cry,
Who ſmote thee Chriſt, if thou can, prophecy?
The earth by ſin is totally confus'd,
And in the midſt, the Son of God abus'd.
Next morn before the governor he's brought
Bound like a felon, there to hear his lot.

When

When Pilate had examin'd him at large,
Pronounc'd him faultleſs, touching every charg
But diſappointment vex'd the ſanguine Jews,
More vehement and fiercely they accuſe
The meek and holy One—highly diſpleas'd
When apprehenſive he muſt be releas'd.
Barrabbas vile, before him they prefer,
And favour him who was a murderer.
What ſhall I do with Jeſus? Pilate cry'd;
They all demand him to be crucify'd.
Pilate, to give the populace content,
Releas'd the guilty—ſcourg'd the Innocent!
This cruel governor, declares him juſt,
Yet treats him as the vileſt and the worſt!
They hurry him away, and bind his hanc
Faſt to a pillar, where he meekly ſtands,
While they, moſt cruel ſtripes, upon him laid
Beat off the fleſh, and bloody furrows made!
Dear Lord, how didſt thou ſuffer by thoſe whip
How great thy love, *to heal us by thy ſtripes.*
The ſoldiers in the common hall are met,
Jeſus, amidſt the vulgar band is ſet,
From off his cheeks, they pluck'd the comely ha
Again they ſtrip his ſcourged body bare.
Contemptuouſly they mock him, then adorn
Him with a purple robe, by way of ſcorn;
Then platted pungent thorns, to form a crown
And on his head, with violence forc'd it down
What num'rous wounds, upon his ſacred head,
With piercing goads all round his temples ſpread
The ſtreams of blood that cover that dear face
Mingled with love flow down in ſtreams of grace.
Thus

Thus being crown'd—a cane they give him now,
Call that a ſceptre—and inſulting bow!
Mock him, whoſe angels rev'rence and admire!
They cry, hail, Jewiſh King! to move his ire.
Only with ſilence—he their jeers reprov'd;
Their rage increas'd to ſee his ſoul unmov'd.
To render all th' affront of foul diſgrace,
In vile contempt, they ſpit upon his face!
Then took the cane, & ſmote the wreathed crown,
Driving the bloody thorns ſtill deeper down!
Pilate, now mov'd with pity does relent,
It ſhock'd him to behold, one innocent,
So barbarouſly us'd by ſavage men:
To try if yet compaſſion he might gain,
Brought Jeſus out, his piteous ſtate to ſhew,
Who now is made, a ſpectacle of woe!
A crimſon current from his temples flow'd;
His comely hair, clang thick with clotted blood;
His purple robe, with blood and ſpit beſmear'd;
His viſage more than any mans, is marr'd!
Let this ſuffice—ſhew pity—if you can,
How vile is this abuſe? *Behold the man!*
But lo! the prieſts, incens'd above the reſt,
League with a mob, while vengance they proteſt;
Athirſt for blood—audaciouſly they cry'd,
Away with him—let him be crucify'd!
Pilate again, declares his innocence,
If poſſible to check their violence:
They ſaid, on us, lay all the blame, if due,
His blood be on us, and our children too!
The ſoldiers now ſtript off his robe again,
Tear ope the wounds, afreſh renew his pain.

The ſtripes, and bleeding ſores ſo num'rous grown
That intermingled wounds join all in one!
Like dogs, and bulls, they compaſs him about,
And now, to crucify him, lead him out.
They laid the croſs upon his ſhoulder ſore,
Weary with pains, he in the garden bore,
Depriv'd of ſleep, of nouriſhment and food,
Severely treated, ſheding ſo much blood,
He ſhrunk beneath the load impos'd, and fell,
To bear a part, one Simon they compel.
Great multitudes beheld, as Jeſus went,
And many there did bitterly lament;
Weep not for me—he ſaid, while thus he ſtrove
In toil, and ſweat, he breathes immortal love!
Two guilty thieves, condemn'd with him are led
With vile tranſgreſſors, he is numbered.
Still they deride the Lamb (tho' Lord of all)
By giving him a nauceous draught of gall!
The ſolemn ſcene, a num'rous croud attends,
While up the hill, the Lamb of God aſcends,
Bearing his croſs! the cruel murd'rers round
His ſacred perſon, now throw up the ground
To fix the beam whereon he muſt be rack'd;
And having all prepar'd, they ſtrip him nak'd;
Yielding his body to the ruffins rude,
They ſeize, and lay his back upon the wood;
Extending forth his arms—nail to each part,
His hands, and feet, in moſt exquiſite ſmart!
All *this*—he freely, reſolutely choſe,
And ſuffer'd not his pow'r to interpoſe.
Nail'd on the tree, in utmoſt anguiſh pain'd,
He proſtrate lay, nor murmur'd, nor complain'd.

How

How firm the patience, of the ſuff'ring Lamb!
How kind his pray'r! amidſt his pain extreme,
For all the perpetrators of his woe!
Father, forgive! they know not what they *do*!
What an expreſſive look, while this he ſpoke!
What rocky heart—can ſee ſuch love—unbroke?
Moſt holy Prieſt! O ſacrifice divine!
What myſtery! was ever love like thine?
Now they erect the tree, with bloody hands
Let down by ſudden ſhock, upright it ſtands;
He hangs upon his wounds—the ſinews crack!
His wounds are open'd wide—all on the rack!
See! from each wound, a bloody current ſtreams!
How ſharp the torture of his pierced veins!
Where is th' unhappy hard'ned ſinner, where?
Whoſe unbelief, withholds a ſingle tear!
Come up ye contrite hearts—all ye that weep,
Self-righteous ſouls—your awful diſtance keep.
O, horrid *ſin*! thy deeds, the blood hath ſpilt!
All gracious Lamb! thou ſuff'reſt for our guilt!
The guilt of ev'ry age—tremendous load!
Who could ſupport the mighty weight, but *God*?
Lovers of *Jeſus*—ſee! the holy One,
Th' eternal mighty *God! God* in the *Son*,
The brightneſs of his glory—equal *God!*
United to a body—drench'd in blood!
Between two thieves, on yonder tree faſt nail'd,
Dying for you—O love—unparallel'd!
That blood, *alone*, can cleanſe from ev'ry ſin,
How bleſs'd are they who take its virtue in!
Behold, in ev'ry *drop* of falling blood,
A drop of love, of glory, and of *God*!

He hangs expos'd—infamous in their view,
Derided by the mob, and rulers too.
The prieſts, and ſoldiers rail—inhuman—baſe,
T'inſult a common man, in ſuch a caſe!
One of the dying thieves, preſumes to rail,
The other prays that he with Chriſt may dwell;
Jeſus (omnipotent to ſave) reply'd,
This day—in bliſs, thou ſhalt with me reſide.
Till that bleſt moment, ſee the ſuff'ring thief,
A wretched creature, dead in unbelief:
But ſoon as he receiv'd the mercy crav'd,
His ſins were pardon'd, and his ſoul was ſav'd.
But lo! the heav'ns grow dark, all nature ſtood
Affected, in the ſuff'ring of her *God*.
The univerſal lamp, his light ſuſpends,
O'er all the land the dreadful gloom extends.
Jeſus, is now in deep diſtreſſes pain'd,
And ſuch as human nature ne'er ſuſtain'd!
In ling'ring, direful death, his pain abounds;
Three dol'rous hours—he hung upon his wounds!
Well may we bluſh, & ſigh with conſcious ſhame
To ſee thee thus—O ſin atoning Lamb!
The virgin mother, whoſe exceſſive grief,
Suppreſs all tears adapted to relief,
Kneeling aghaſt, with fixed eyes and hands,
And John, amazingly affected ſtands!
Jeſus, amidſt his pain, tho' ſore beſet,
Pities his friends, and will not them forget:
Addreſt his mother thus, "Behold thy Son;
Behold thy mother—O beloved John."
From that day forth, with utmoſt tender care,
In all her troubles, John did comfort her.

Like

Like John beneath the croſs, my ſoul remain
To view the Saviour, all o'er blood and pain!
Truly to be affected at the heart,
And recollect *the cauſe* of all his ſmart.
Behold the Son of God! that perſon, who
With Shadrach, Meſhach, and Abednego,
Subdu'd the fire, and bid the flame ſubſide,
Accepts the pain—ſo violently try'd! [pale,
How wan thoſe cheeks, thoſe precious lips, how
His head reclines, death does his heart aſſail:
Amazing anguiſh, in his troubled breaſt,
His wounded ſoul's intenſely ſore diſtreſs'd!
Vindictive juſtice—that awaken'd wrath,
Which flames in hell—ſmites him in ling'ring
His woes, beyond imagination, are [death.
Too grievous for the univerſe to bear:
He, as the Victim, bears our curſed faults,
They ſmite his ſoul, like fiery thunderbolts:
He cried out aloud—with awful look,
My *God!* my *God!* why haſt thou me forſook!
Be aſtoniſh'd, O heav'ns!———
O! earth, earth, earth hear!———
Infinitely tremendous was that frown,
From God the Father, that our *ſins* brought down!
He in our ſtead, would all that vengeance feel,
That we might never ſuffer *it* in *hell!*
The angels, with aſtoniſhment attend,
All wond'ring where the ſcene of love will end!
In penance, there to ſhame our ſin, he groans,
While for our vile offences he atones!
Then Jeſus ſaid, *I thirſt!* how did he pant
In pain extreme—to purchaſe all we want!

One gave him vinegar, and then he ſaid,
(O bleſt important word) *'Tis finiſhed!*
Man could not take his life, that pow'r ſublime,
Was his to give it, at th' appointed time;
Omnipotent to live, or die of choice,
Exceeding loud—he then lift up his voice,
And ſaid——Father!——
Into thy hands, my ſpirit I commend:
Thus having ſpoke, he bow'd his ſacred head,
Gave up the ghoſt! and numb'red with the dead!
O ſacred, awful, memorable day,
When God Incarnate bore our ſins away!
Thy pow'r *to ſave*, *by blood*, has oft been told
By prophets, and each ſacrifice of old;
But now o'erwhelm'd with ſhame—and love I ſee,
The *blood* was *thine*—my *God*! and ſhed for me!
His love immenſe, broke out in brighteſt flame,
When *God*, our *God* became the ſlaughter'd Lamb.
Come all ye guilty, if oppreſt with grief,
Behold your great infallible relief:
That guiltleſs blood a full redemption bought,
How precious, and how ſolemn is the thought.
The guilty world's amazing ſacrifice,
Here once for all—atonement makes, and dies.
The holy law's more fully magnify'd,
Than if a thouſand ſpacious worlds had dy'd.
What thanks to thee—O honour'd Lord, is due,
What ſweet obedience, chearful, ever new!
May this excite our praiſe in every breath,
And be our life, in liſe, our joy in death.
The temple veil from top to bottom rent;
The ſacred oracle, by this event

Wide

Wide open thrown, remains for all to view,
The Gentile's priviledge, as well as Jew.
Thus by thy blood, O Lamb, for ever bleſt,
We have acceſs into the holieſt.
All nature trembled, moſt tremendous ſhocks,
Severely toſt, and tore the ſolid rocks:
The awful gloom diſplay'd the light'ning dread,
The death of Jeſus, ſoon alarm'd the dead;
Graves open thrown, the earth her dead diſcloſe,
And ſaints who ſlept, in death's dark caverns roſe!
Then univerſal terror ſeiz'd with awe,
The numerous ſpectators, when they ſaw
The great phœnomenon, ſome ſmote their breaſts
Compell'd by deep conviction, and confeſt
This was the *Son* of *God*———
Stupendous thought—yea, verily 'twas he
Who hung in ſuch a form upon the tree!
Well may th' illumin'd orbs withhold their light
Aſham'd t'expoſe their Maker in that plight.
Hail, breathleſs corpſe, O ſolemn ſacred ſign,
How vilely us'd—how lovely and divine!
That mangled body repreſents our caſe,
A vile, condemn'd, abominable race:
Yet ſuch his love, vile ſinners to reſtore,
He took our ſhame, and all our ſuff'rings bore!
Dear Lord and God, for us thou didſt deceaſe,
How bleſt it is, to die with thee, in peace.
The Jews petition now, to take him down,
But firſt it muſt be fully prov'd and known,
For ſatisfaction, whether he is dead,
One therefore plung'd a ſpear into his ſide,

Thence

Thence, in abundance, blood and water flow'd
Down from the heart of our Redeemer, God!
Saint John, eye-witneſs, bears the record true,
O truth divine, how precious—ever new.
That healing fountain, open, truly pure,
And ſelf-ſufficient, ev'ry pain to cure.
O thirſty hearts, who pant for grace, and ſtrive,
Drink here the water of eternal life!
The Paſcal Lamb, with bones unbroken dy'd,
The Lamb of God, was thereby typify'd;
And as recorded in the ſacred book, [look:
We—who have pierc'd him, on that Lamb ſhall
So may we look, and when thy love we ſee,
Bow down our hearts in rev'rend love to thee.
The pious counſellor, at evening came,
To crave the body, and obtain'd the ſame.
They from the croſs, now take the body down,
Wipe off the blood—take off the wreathed crown.
Embalm the corpſe in richeſt odours ſweet,
And wrap it in fine linen, white and neat.
To Joſeph's new ſepulchre, they convey'd
And there the precious corpſe depoſited.
This for his own repoſe the rich man made,
But now a nobler Gueſt partakes the ſhade.
That holy body in the tomb was plac'd,
Weſtward his head, and feet towards the Eaſt.
The body laid—the ſolemn funeral o'er,
A pond'rous ſtone, is roll'd before the door.
From all his glory—down to hades he fell,
To ſtop our rapid progreſs down to hell. [great!
Thy priſoner grave—thy conqueſt death—how
The Son of God! the ſovereign Potentate!

But ſoon, his body from the grave ſhall move,
And death's deſtruction manifeſtly prove.
The Lord has hallow'd and perfum'd the tomb,
That we may ſleep in peace, till he ſhall come.
The prieſt and phariſees to Pilate go,
And (cautious) thus addreſs him, 'Sir you know,
'When this Impoſtor was alive, he ſaid,
'That in three days, he would riſe from the dead.
'Command a guard, to watch the grave, leſt they,
'His friends, by night, ſhould ſteal the corpſe away.'
Ye have a watch, he ſaid, let every one
Securely guard—and likewiſe ſeal the ſtone.
They might as well have watch'd the horizon,
To ſtop the progreſs of the riſing ſun.
Some hope the Crucify'd will ſoon ariſe,
Some doubt the fact, & ſome the thought deſpiſe.
Th' appointed time he lay entomb'd, but he
Immaculate, ſhall no corruption ſee.
The third day, early, firſt day of the week,
The anxious women came, their Lord to ſeek;
When ſuddenly an earthquake ſhook the ground;
Quickly, the angel of the Lord they found.
That glorious angel, from before the throne
Deſcended forth, had roll'd away the ſtone,
And ſat thereon, like ſnow his raiment white,
His ſhining countenance as light'ning bright.
The guards beheld him, ſmote with awe, ſo dread,
They trembled, and became like men ſtruck dead.
He who laid down his life, had equal pow'r
To reſume it at th' appointed hour.
The earthquake o'er, the women now draw near
The angel ſaid, you have no cauſe to fear,
Behold

Behold! the ſepulchre is opon thrown.
The Royal Corpſe—th' illuſtrious Dead is gone!
Hear! O ye nations, hear the tidings glad,
Jeſus, the Saviour's riſen from the dead.
The angel added, quickly now depart,
Tell all the brethren, comfort Peter's heart.
Immediately they ran, with eager haſte,
To tell the dear diſciples what had paſs'd,
But ſunk too deep in ſorrow—they refuſe
To welcome and believe, th' important news.
Th' affrighted ſoldiers run precipitate,
And to the prieſts their dread ſurpiſe relate.
Large bribes they gave the ſoldiers, to conceal
The real truth, by a fictitious tale!
Mary (whoſe contrite heart had been enlarg'd,
By having ſeven filthy fiends diſcharg'd)
Stood mourning by the ſepulchre in tears,
And ſuddenly the Lord to her appears:
She ſaw—but knew not, her beloved One,
He ſaid, "*Why weepeſt thou?*" in doleful tone,
She then entreated his benevolence,
O tell me, Sir, if thou haſt borne him hence:
Jeſus ſaid, *Mary!* then ſhe knew his voice,
What glad ſurpriſe—how did her heart rejoice!
She thought herſelf the vileſt and the worſt,
But lo! the Lord appear'd to her the firſt.
As two diſciples to Emmaus went,
Sorely afflicted by the late event;
The Lord himſelf (to them unknown) drew nigh,
Obſerv'd their grief, and aſk'd the reaſon why?
Haſt thou not heard, ſay they, what did betide
Our holy Prophet? he was crucify'd!

A mighty

A mighty One—ſo great—we truſted he
Was ſent of God, to ſet his people free ;
And what is more aſtoniſhing, this day,
Some women of our company, did ſay,
They ſaw a viſion—and that angels ſaid,
He certainly is riſen from the dead !
Then he their fear and unbelief arraign'd,
And all the types and prophecies explain'd ;
From thence he proved, evidently clear,
The true Meſſiah ſhould thoſe ſuff'rings bear.
With admiration, they receiv'd his word,
And yet they knew not that it was the Lord,
Till at the table, as he took the bread
They knew him—and forthwith he vaniſhed !
Amaz'd at his departure, O ! they ſay,
How did his talk affect us by the way !
In thought divine, he led our ſpirits higher,
And kindled in each heart celeſtial fire.
Immediately they roſe, and joyful came
To tell the brethren at Jeruſalem ;
Who (firſt preventing them) with one accord
Cry'd out in rapture—Peter's ſeen the *Lord !*
They from Emmaus—almoſt out of breath,
Rejoicing anſwer'd—this confirms our faith,
We know he's riſen—we have ſeen him too,
And ran to bring the happy news to you !
Yet mov'd alternately with hope and fear,
They wiſh, but dare not credit what they hear.
Fearing the Jews might find out where they met,
They all aſſembled in the evening late,
In private, there to talk the matter o'er ;
When all had ent'rance gain'd, they ſhut the door.

The

The ſupper they but juſt began to taſte,
When lo!—there came an unexpected Gueſt,
Jeſus appear'd! ſo ſudden and unſeen,
The door was ſhut—how could he enter in?
They thought it was a ſpirit, at firſt view,
But Jeſus ſpoke—and ſaid "*Peace be with you*;"
Why look ye ſo concern'd—ſo fearful—pale?
Dear people be not frighted—all is well:
Come handle me and ſee, beloved ones
Here is my real body, fleſh and bones!
Tho' you have been incredulous—at laſt
Be now convinc'd—my ſufferings are paſt:
As it was wrote of *me*, ſo was I *ſlain*,
And this *third day* you ſee me ris'n again.

The Chriſtian ſabbath day (by all confeſs'd
Wherein the Lord did meet, and amply bleſs'
His mourning followers; *five* times that day
The Lord appear'd, and took their grief awa
But Thomas abſent, therefore would diſpute,
It cannot be, ſaid he, I'm reſolute,
Except I ſee the body of our Lord,
And put my finger where the nails have bor'd,
And thruſt my hand into his wounded ſide,
I'll in no other evidence confide.

The ſecond ſabbath, Jeſus as before, [doo
Came where they met, when they had ſhut t
And graciouſly ſaluted them with *peace*,
They all rejoice to ſee his chearful face.
Direct on Thomas then he caſt his eye,
(How great his feeling, when the Lord drew nig
Come ſee the nail prints—ſee my wounded ſid
Thruſt in thy hand—believe the Crucify'd!

Thom

Thomas convicted then, his heart o'erflow'd
And all in rapture cry'd, *My Lord and God!*
Eſſential—God approves the *word*, and faith,
Happy are they, who call *me ſo, in faith.*

Our riſen Saviour (infinite in grace)
Appear'd in perſon, various times and ways.
What rapture fill'd their ſouls, who then did ſee
The very man, that dy'd upon the tree!

They who in ſad ſuſpenſe, had long remain'd,
And gloomy thoughts, their expectation pain'd,
Now full of pure delight, rekindled fire
Glows in their hearts, while *Jeſus* they admire!
They greet each other, now from ſorrow freed,
Behold! they cry—the Lord is riſen indeed!

All hail! great Lord! thy reſurrection day,
The ſcandal of the croſs has wip'd away.

Ye doubting ones, whoſe hope and courage fails
Behold thoſe hands and feet, ſo torn with nails;
Yea come! and to his very heart draw near,
The hand of faith can touch, where ~~touch'd~~ did the ſpear
His ſtreaming grace ſhall flow, as water flow'd;
Believe—and ye ſhall cry—my Lord! my God!

Five hundred brethren, joyful, all agree
To meet the bleſſed Lord, at Galilee:
There he that *dy'd* appears, the *real man*;
And there ſet forth the glorious goſpel *plan.*
Truth of the laſt importance, there he taught,
The great, and full ſalvation he had wrought.
I am the Reſurrection—lo! he cry'd,
I am the *life*—for you—*this body dy'd!*
Behold my hands, my feet, my ſide, theſe ſcars,
The marks of love, that all my body bears!

Thus ſaith the Lord, you evidently ſee
The prophecies fulfill'd, that ſpeak of me.
Sinners may come to me, the very worſt
May find ſalvation, when they truly thirſt.
He that believes on me, though he were dead,
Yet ſhall he live, and feed on living bread.
Hail! deareſt Preacher! pow'rful, all divine!
To change the heart—to ſave the ſoul is thine.
(Let every preacher, firſt like Peter weep,
And like him love, then feed the lambs & ſheep.)
Full forty days he ſhew'd himſelf alive,
And proof infallible, to all did give.
Now the apoſtles take th' important charge,
To preach the goſpel to the world at large.
He bid them all at Salem's city wait,
Till he ſhould ſend the promis'd paraclete,
That wond'rous ſource of wiſdom—holineſs,
The ſacred Spirit, to ſupply his place.
Then led them out to Bethany, and there,
A ſolemn *bleſſing*, did on each confer;
His thro' pierc'd hands lift up—in tend'reſt love,
Took leave, and parted, to aſcend above.
Immediately, a cloud exceeding bright,
Compaſſed round, conceal'd him from their ſight.
They all amaz'd, in rapture wondering, ſtood
To view, th' aſcending, of their Lord and God.
Swift thro' the atmoſphere his courſe extends,
And far beyond the firmament aſcends:
Thro' paradiſe, the happy ſaints abode,
Triumphant on cherubic wings he rode.
His beauteous body, glorify'd—ſo bright
Illumes th' expanſe, with moſt effulgent light.

Thouſands

Thouſands of thouſands, fiery chariots flam'd ;
Myriads of angels, gladly all attend.
The ſpacious portal front of heav'n unfurl'd,
And full diſplay'd, the great celeſtial world.
Loud trumpets ſwell the high melodious ſound,
Sweet harmony and joy ſpreads all around.
Unnumber'd hoſts, of radiant ſeraphims,
In holy rapture praiſe—ten thouſand times
Ten thouſand heav'nly beings, waiting ſtand
In brilliant ranks, and form a paſſage grand,
Admiring and adoring—all along,
The happy ſaints, in joyful numbers, throng
To view, and worſhip their Redeemer—God,
Who purchas'd glory for them by his blood !
Now on Jehovah's vaſt, eternal throne,
At God's right hand, the bleſſed *Son* ſat down,
Magnificent, above the higheſt praiſe !
While all the heavenly choirs, their voices raiſe,
The bleſſing, honour, pow'r and glory new,
To him that ſits upon the throne, is due !
And to the wond'rous Lamb ! let all adore,
With equal honour, now, and evermore.
He who ſo lately, in our wretched place,
So vilely us'd—a man in deep diſtreſs,
In complicated woes, and paſſing thro'
A num'rous crowd, of wretched mortals, to
A bloody ſcene—degraded and diſown'd !
Now with immortal dignity, enthron'd.
Ineffable, his glory ſhall remain,
Vaſt as his being, endleſs as his reign !
Death is deſtroy'd, his awe and terror broke,
The direful ſting, took from his threat'ning ſtroke:

Now, only comes a meſſenger of peace,
By him commiſſion'd, with a kind releaſe.
Th' infernal ſerpent (to deſtruction wiſe)
Receiv'd a fatal blow, and vanquiſh'd lies.
The kingdom of ſalvation, open thrown,
To all believers in th' Incarnate Son.
Bleſt are the ears that hear, and eyes that ſee,
The goſpel day—the glorious jubilee!
Who *feel* the death of Chriſt, is death to ſin,
Enjoy the kingdom now, and dwell therein.
On earth, redeem'd from bondage, guilt & wrath,
And live in him, above the fear of death.
Of Jeſu's ſpirit, and his love poſſeſt,
Truly, completely, and ſupremely bleſt.
Who in the world, forego its trifling toys,
For true, ſubſtantial, rich, immortal joys:
A drop of glory, ſwells their heaven-born peace,
And ſhall to all eternity increaſe!
Each carnal heart, however *wiſe* or *learn'd*,
Abides unhappy, having not decern'd
The ſacred bliſs—of being *found in him*;
Some call it weak, enthuſiaſtic whim,
A thing myſterious, and very odd,
Tho' nobly great, and worthy of our God!
Some, perſecute, his real members here,
When he returns—O how ſhall they appear?
Incarnate God, now of his throne poſſeſt,
Our great high Prieſt—his Father thus addreſt,
"Father! thy boundleſs love, in *me* is ſhewn,
Here I preſent myſelf—upon the throne,
Man's advocate, *my blood* have freely *ſhed*,
Aton'd for guilt, transferr'd on *my own head*.

The ranſom paid, my *wounds* before thee plead,
That my redeem'd, may be from vengeance freed.
Spirit of God—deſcend—in mighty power,
Be thou their light—reprover—comforter.
Inſpire their pray'rs, which ſhall accepted riſe,
In *me*, a moſt delightful ſacrifice.
Their humble faith, and labouring love, regard,
And *I'll* be their exceeding great reward.
Let my redeem'd be glorify'd, with me,
Even as I am glorify'd with thee.
Thy tender bowels, pitying me, did melt,
When *I*, the rigour of thy juſtice felt.
May thy dear tender bowels yearn o'er all
Who ſeek recov'ry from th' obnoxious *fall*;
So ſhall thy attributes, full glory gain,
In me—thy Son—their Mediator—ſlain."
To whom his gracious Father, thus reply'd,
" *Co-equal God!* eternally preſide
At my right hand—for ever reign—moſt High,
My ſole delight, to all eternity.
Thy glorious deeds, do well accepted riſe
For ever with delight, before my eyes.
I *will forgive*—I *can* no grace *refuſe*
To vot'ries, who thy cleanſing blood ſhall uſe.
Juſtice and mercy, in ſweet union meet,
The flaming throne—diſplays a mercy ſeat.
On Zions Hill,—O King—ſupremely reign,
And all thy mediatorial right maintain.
The heathen, thy inheritance, I give,
The earth for thy poſſeſſion—now receive.
Mercy, and truth, ſhall go before thy face,
Yea, *full* ſalvation—in thy *righteouſneſs*.

All

All they who have, to thy dear wounds, recourſe,
Shall of thy full atonement, *feel* the force.
All thine are mine (in thy redemption found)
And ſhall be with eternal glory crown'd."
Triumphant Saviour—what amazing grace
Haſt thou procur'd, for our rebellious race!
O Great Immanuel! 'tis thine to bleſs,
Thy creatures loſt, with peace and happineſs.
A bleſſed, new, and living way—is ope,
The veil—thy *fleſh!* affords us certain hope.
O may that holy body, thou has giv'n,
Preſerve us to eternal life—in heav'n.
Joy everlaſting, be upon his head,
Who ſees the Saviour ſuffer'd in his ſtead;
Quite animated in the Crucify'd,
Content to know, no other good beſide.
My heart, my life, my light, my ſure defence,
High over all things, take pre-eminence.
Without it—all that mortals ſo eſteem,
Is but the rev'ries of deluſive dream,
Without it—all were in confuſion hurl'd,
As if the ſun was baniſh'd from the world.
Conſummate wiſdom plan'd, this ſov'reign good,
Replete with ev'ry bleſſing—*Jeſu's blood.*
Sufficient *this*, for *all men*—to atone,
Ten thouſand worlds, could never purchaſe one.
This antidote of evil, can controul,
The ſtouteſt rebel, in the human ſoul.
When loudeſt thunders, ineffectual prove,
This can diſſolve the hardneſs, into *love.*
Each trembling heart, who on this *Rock* can fall,
Shall ſoon be broke—and heal'd—but all

Who

Who hard'ned, ſink beneath its power, ſhall find,
Its awful *weight*, to *cruſh* the tortur'd mind.
When ev'ry hope, and ev'ry refuge fails,
Thy *precious blood*, O Lamb of God! prevails.
How ſweetly does its happy influence, draw
Mild beams of radiance, on dread Sinai's law.
No more compell'd—obedience here, is *free*,
Conſtraining love, is goſpel liberty.
Here righteouſneſs, that peaceful river, flows
Thro' all our life, and no ceſſation knows.
Its cleanſing virtue ever ſhall abide,
The happy life, of all the ſanctify'd.
Thro' all the earth, thy boundleſs love proclaim,
And boundleſs mercy—Jeſus, in thy name.
What *pain* was his—what *wretchedneſs* was ours,
What mercy flows, in yonder crimſon ſhow'rs!
Immenſely great, and precious—ever *new*,
And neweſt to the mind, that moſt can view.
In all the univerſe, there's nothing ſounds
So precious, and important—as his wounds:
Nothing ſo awful, ſolemn, deep, and high,
So fully fraught, with love and endleſs joy!
This penetrates the heart—it charms the ear,
And joy triumphant, rides o'er every fear.
To ſee our God—ſo glorious, great, and high,
Yet, condeſcend to ſuffer—bleed—and die!
As ſtars are loſt, in full meridian light,
All other objects fail before the ſight.
In all proſperity, the *ſafe* reſort,
In all adverſity, the *firm* ſupport.
The Critics *bar*—the lofty Rabbies *fall*,
The faithful preacher's *pathos*—*center*—*all*.

The

The purchaſe *price*, of every noble grant,
That God can give, or ever creature want.
The living *ſpring*, the *fountain* of the mind,
Well ſatisfies—yet leaves a *thirſt* behind.
While deſtitute of this, each wretched heart
Still bears the weight of guilt, and cannot part
With ſome beloved ſin, that ſeems to pleaſe,
Or dreams of goodneſs, like the phariſees;
Contented live, in a ſelf-kindled ſpark,
And *die* without a Saviour—in the *dark!*
Thus nature's folly—fancy good ſupplies,
It lives a burthen'd life—and burthen'd dies.
What cluſters hang, on this amazing *Vine!*
O precious fruit—immortal—all divine.
Life of the world, redeem'd, renew'd, reſtor'd,
The union of one body, in the Lord.
Th' atteſted ſeal of our eternal peace,
The certain pledge of never ending bliſs.
Of ev'ry means, and ordinance the leaven,
Felicity on earth—foretaſte of heaven.
Sweet recreation, every day and night,
O ſacred pleaſure, paſtime, pure delight!
Sufficient ſcope, unbounded thought t'employ,
Theme unexhauſted, ſource of endleſs joy.
His gifts are infinite, but *this alone*,
Surrounds the whole, or centers all in one.
Let every breath be praiſe to God on high,
That he in *fleſh*, could condeſcend to *die!*
He who commands, the wide and ſwelling ſeas,
Who taketh up the pond'rous iſles, at eaſe,
Or weighs th' enormous mountains in his ſcales,
Or pois'd in balance, lifts the cloud capt hills.

Who

Who with a word, can num'rous worlds create,
Or with a frown, all worlds annihilate;
He, even *He*, amazing love, became,
Our elder brother! yea, the ſlaughter'd Lamb!
" Now let ambition ſpread its proudeſt ſails,
And vanity blow all its pleaſing gales:
Let wealth ſtand blazing, on a golden mount,
And take in all the Indies to account.
Maturely ripen'd, let the tempting vine,
Spread all its cluſters of delicious wine:
And beauty, the moſt treach'rous of all foes,
Exhibit all the art that beauty knows:
Shine all you charms together, that I may
The more deſpiſe you, in your beſt array."
In ardent love I'll run, my Lord to meet,
And as I go, tread all beneath my feet.
Poſſeſt of him—let earth's foundation ſhake,
And ev'ry ſyſtem fall to gen'ral wreck.
When heat immenſe, extends a vehement flame,
And drys up all the water of the main.
The globe, with its inhabitants conſume,
And God, our Judge, declares, *his day is come:*
The heavens wrapt together, as a ſcrowl,
And th'angel's trumpet—ſummons every ſoul!
We ſhall rejoice to ſee the Lord appear,
And fly to meet him, in the ambient air.
Truly to know, thy meritorious deeds,
All other wiſdom, knowledge, far exceeds:
O let thy flowing blood, ſo nobly great,
Thro' every feature freely circulate.
Sacred! incomprehenſible its worth,
Too high for man to ſet the value forth.

No depth can fathom, no idea ſcan,
A goodneſs ſo profuſe—to *rebel*—man!
Thy dear belov'd, theſe ſeventeen hundred years,
Labour'd to ſhew its lively characters;
But earth too narrow, and too ſhort their days,
They flew to heav'n, to ſing eternal praiſe.
Glory to thee, great Saviour, in the higheſt,
For ever be thy name ador'd, O Chriſt!
Thoſe honour'd ſcars, yet viſible, ſublime,
Admir'd of all, thro' never ending time.
Thy happy ſaints in glory, bow their crowns,
Adoring there, the merit of thy wounds.
Thy glorious angels, the high Seraphims,
Arch-angels wiſe, and brilliant Cherubims;
Exalted principalities, and pow'rs
Unite with ſaints, to praiſe their God, and ours.
There the redeem'd, to native clime reſtor'd,
Enjoy the perfect image of the Lord.
Receive a new, an honourable name,
With tokens of high favour from the Lamb.
They dwell in love, in deareſt union join'd,
For ever joyful, of one heart and mind.
When all the ancient, honour'd tribes are ſeal'd,
What boundleſs glory, ſhall be there reveal'd;
What multitudes, innumerable riſe,
Extending o'er the broad ethereal ſkies,
Of every nation, people, tribe, and tongue,
Throughout all ages of the world along:
Clad in white robes, they on Mount Zion ſtand,
With crowns, and palms of victory in their hands.
The living creatures—four redeemed ones,
And four and twenty elders—choſen ſons,

With all the angels round about the throne,
Adore, and worſhip him that ſits thereon.
The numerous ſouls redeem'd, all praiſe the Lamb
And all the glorious angels ſay, Amen.
Dominions, kingdoms, potentates, and thrones,
(The noble orders of his firſt-born ſons)
Say—thanks, and bleſſing, wiſdom, honor, pow'r,
And ſtrength, be to our God, for evermore!
No need of ſun, with gen'rous beams of light,
Nor moon, to chear the ſhadows of the night:
The Holy Lamb, illumines all around,
Height inconceivable, and depth profound:
His glory fills the boundleſs wide expanſe,
And ſhews its wonders—beautiful—immenſe.
Whatever ſhines delightful, or adorns,
Or fixt, or changing, new and endleſs forms:
Exquiſite ſcenes, freſh opening—to view
Diverſify'd, in viſions—ever new.
But forms infinite, beauty, magnitude,
Are all but traces, of Infinite God.
That weight of glory, they ſo ſweetly taſte,
Exceed their wiſhes, and for ever laſt.
The holy One—the Great Eternal God
Appears as in a veſture, *dipt in blood!*
His countenance, ineffable, diſplays
Infinite dignity—infinite grace.
His mighty pow'r, ſupports each heavenly breaſt,
To bear that weight of glory—unoppreſt,
And with a father's loving kindneſs free,
Leads them to fountains of felicity! [voice,
When from the throne they hear his pleaſing
Silent—in rapture—all the heav'ns rejoice:

All

All eye—all ear—attending millions ſtand,
The happy audience of his high command!
They gladly do his will, and to obey,
Invigorates the one eternal day.
Each in a vehicle of beauteous frame,
Bright, and as active as the vivid flame:
Swift as idea glances—far—and high,
They ſingly, or in banded myriads fly:
Or in a manſion (their own orb) retire,
Contemplative, his glory there t'admire.
When all the bleſt in heavenly ſplendour meet,
What lovely voices ſing, hoſannas ſweet!
With golden harps of charming ſymphony,
They elevate each ſong, to rapture high.
The God of love, in approbation ſmiles,
And every creature with his influence fills.
He bids them all enjoy, each pleaſure free,
And 'tis the heaven of heavens, his face to ſee!
Joyful in hope, we ſee the hour advance,
The ſwift approach, of our inheritance,
That's undefil'd—that fadeth not away,
For this—we patient wait—the welcome day,
In humble confidence, let each aſpire,
Thro' Jeſu's *blood*—to join the happy choir,
And praiſe our God, who once on earth was ſlain,
Moſt high, and holy Saviour—ſay—Amen.

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